MONTEREY NEWS

NOVEMBER 1994

GOULD FARM CELEBRATES

Harvest comes bearing many gifts: the last cutting of hay, soft and sleepy vegetables, frost, tourists, and terrible colds. At Gould Farm, we know we're lucky, sipping unadulterated apple cider, moving 1,000 pumpkins from the patch to Bill's basement before they blacken from repeated frost. We celebrate the season's bounty with a party we call "Gould Farm's Harvest Festival and Contra Dance," a very open house, held this third year on October 8.

Eight hundred of you turned off Route 23 at the balloons, made a left at the bus stop, and another left at the softball field, home of eight geese. You rode the hay wagon up Topside Hill, paid the entrance fee to Shanum or Pat or Bill, and got a program from Cam.

You ate 300 hamburgers, 300 hotdogs, 150 pounds of homefries, 50 pounds of ratatouille and 50 pies, and we ran out of everything (except soda because the apple cider was so popular). Your children were painted into zebras and monsters and kittycats and then raced to the hay jump at the bottom of the orchard. You carved your first pumpkin of the year, weeks before Halloween, into a creature later awarded "scariest," "silliest" or "best teeth." You may have won a whole chocolate cake, fighting fate and eleven other cakewalk competitors to do it. At dusk, you danced to fiddle tunes in a star-lit parking lot next to a bonfire with someone you didn't know but surely must have seen before. The glow of someone's pumpkin carved "Gould Farm" caught your eye each time you swung your partner. You were done with standing in line at the food tent.

MAGGIE LEONARD

Graham Hines at Gould Farm's Harvest Festival

Our women's small singing group enjoyed its debut, belting out the Indigo Girls. One of the members had worked intensively at the beginning of her stay at the Farm with performer Beth Cassidy when Beth was a house advisor here. Now she was singing with Beth in front of a few hundred listeners, a woman who'd come a long way.

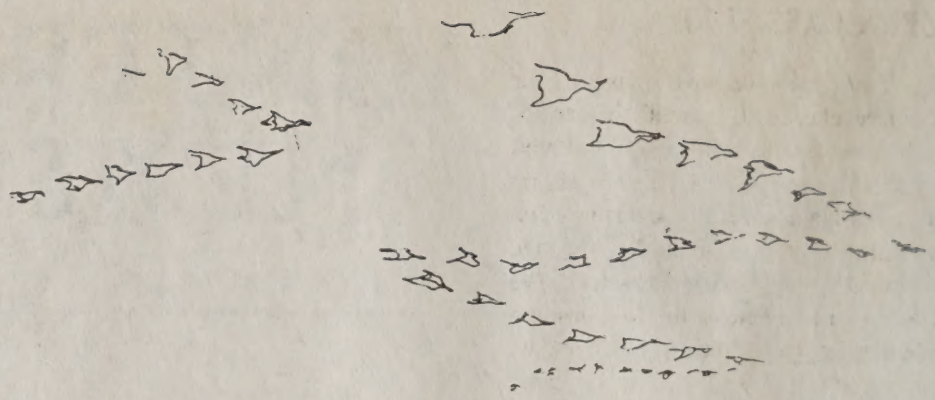
Thanks to Mother Nature, and you and you and you, and our collective energies, it was a glorious occasion. But it was not without great effort and some pain. It is a taxing as well as enriching endeavor for "those suffering in mind and spirit," who, by charter, Gould Farm serves. It is only in a truly supportive atmosphere that we can open doors so widely. Your gentleness, good neighbors, makes it possible and safe.

This is the week after Michaelmas, St. Michael the Archangel's feastful celebration, also National Mental Illness Awareness Week. Ha ppenstance doesn't end there. Last year Jeffrey Lechner won the door prize; his journalist mother, Sheryl, wrote an *Eagle* article thumbupping this year's event. This year, Bernie Plishtin, married to *Women's Times* editor Maria Black, won the door prize. Who knows what may come of that.

We do not need the Harvest Festival to affirm the season. Raking three gazillion leaves is reality check enough. But Gould Farm needs an occasion to celebrate with you, to show you who we are and how we thrive on this splendid unusually humanlygorgeous chunk of Monterey called Gould Farm.

— Kim Hines

THE TOWN



At the Special Town Meeting on Friday, October 14, it took thirty-nine Monterey voters scarcely thirty minutes to end the complicated wrangling that has plagued the budget negotiations this year for the Southern Berkshire Regional School District. Citizens unanimously voted to transfer $39,051 from Free Cash to the Southern Berkshire Regional School Operating Account. The Town took this action to conform with the revised assessment of the Town's share of the SBRSD budget, which was based on information that became available after the May 7, 1994 Town Meeting. Since the Town Meeting in May there have been numerous meetings between the Monterey Select Board, the Monterey Finance Committee, and School Committee members as well as the SBRSD administrators. As a result of these meetings it was agreed that in return for fully funding the School Budget the School Committee would attempt to maintain assessments at a constant level for the next fiscal year. The School Committee will also undertake a management study by an independently selected management consulting firm to investigate possible cost cutting measures. The school district and the town agreed to work together for legislative changes to increase state aid, including a 100% reimbursement of transportation costs and improvements in the funding formula of the Education Reform Act.

During the October 17 meeting of the Select Board bids for highway salt and sand were opened. After consulting with Highway Superintendent Don Amstead it was unanimously voted to accept the bid of Continental Salt, Inc., of New London, Connecticut, to provide road salt at the bid price of $40.20 per ton, the lowest bid. It was also unanimously voted to accept the bid of J. Donovan & Son, Inc., of Stockbridge, for road sand at the bid price of $7.84 per ton, also the lowest bid.

The Select Board signed an Election Warrant providing public notification of the November 8, 1994, election. Town Clerk Barbara Swann was present to certify the Warrant and witness the signatures. In another matter, Swann asked that the Board schedule a Public Hearing on the road-name changes for the implementation of the E-911 system.

— Maggie Leonard

FLU VACCINE CLINIC

The annual flu vaccine clinic will be held on Monday, November 7, 10 a.m.–1 p.m., downstairs at the town offices. The clinic is sponsored by the Monterey Board of Health and the Monterey Council on Aging.

The pneumonia clinic will take place sometime later when the vaccine becomes available to the Visiting Nurse Association of the Berkshires. Cora Cooney, our contact at the VNA, will try to get in touch individually with those who sign up. Meanwhile, check with your doctor to see if you are eligible to receive the pneumonia shots. If you have any questions, call Cora at 1-800-788-2862.

Also, don't forget our regular blood pressure clinic the third Tuesday of every month. (See the calendar of events on page twenty-three.)

— Gige O'Connell

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CPR CLASS FULL

Twenty people have registered for the free classes this month in cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) offered by the Monterey Fire Company, filling the class. Names are now being placed on a waiting list in case anyone has a change of plans as the date approaches. The classes will be held at the firehouse on Wednesday, November 9, and Thursday, November 10, 7–9:30 p.m. each night.

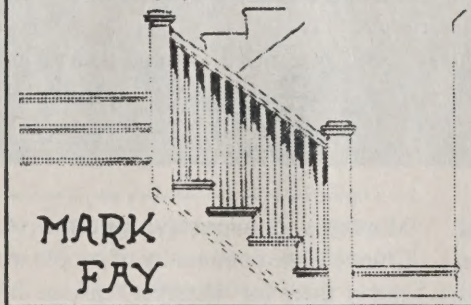
The positive response may lead to more classes in the future, perhaps during the summer, when Montereyans who live elsewhere during the week or the winter will more likely be able to take the class. If you want to add your name to the current waiting list, call Monterey Fire Company Medical Officer Michael Marcus at 528-4115.

MAGGIE LEONARD

SCHOOL DISTRICT ANNUAL REPORTS AVAILABLE

The Southern Berkshire Regional School District has announced that in order to avoid unnecessary costs, the District Annual Report will not be mailed to all residents, but placed at various locations where residents may pick up a copy. In Monterey, look for the reports at the town offices, the Monterey School, or the Monterey General Store.

THE BERKSHIRE CRAFTSMAN



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CONTINUING EDUCATION

On Monday and Wednesday evenings, 6:30–9 p.m., Mount Everett Regional School will hold classes for community members who do not have a high school diploma.

Basic remediation in math and English, as well as preparation for the Graduate Equivalency Diploma (GED) will be available to all people in the area over sixteen years of age who have dropped out of school but now want to continue their education. Transportation will be available. Classes begin Monday, October 24, 1994. To enroll, call David Pottle at Mount Everett Regional School, 413-229-8734.

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CHURCH NEWS

Parish Council and Search Committee

Yes, believe it—it's really November! And yes, it really has been six months since we started our search for a minister. The months have gone quickly, and during this time we have been blessed with wonderful guest ministers, many of whom return on a regular basis.

We, the Search Committee, have interviewed a number of promising candidates, and regardless of the outcome, have found each interview to be rewarding in its own way, leaving us a little richer for the experience. We truly believe the right match will be made in due time.

Perhaps surprising, perhaps not, the Church continues to remain very much alive, even without a pastoral leader. The building may be old, and needing costly repairs, but the Spirit of the Church is decidedly well.

Those who gather to worship on Sunday mornings are continually blessed by what each guest has to offer. The services vary; some are more informal than others, but each adds flavor to the pot, and creates its own spiritual fullness—come, taste, and see.

Aside from the Sunday morning service, there are many other activities which take place in the Church. So in itself, the Church building is an integral part of our Monterey community. But the real Church is the community of people who gather there for whatever reasons. It is the people who keep it alive. Financially, the Church needs us; spiritually, we need it. Our gifts to it are appreciated; its gifts to us are immeasurable. Yes, the Monterey Church is truly blessed.

P. MURKETT

Our October guest ministers were Rev. Carol Towley, Kathy Duhon, and MaryKate Jordan, with special music by Vikki True and Daphne Greene. On October 9 we had a special visit from Dave and Kathy Whitten, who had returned to Gould Farm for the Harvest Festival Weekend after a two-year stay in Africa. The Whittens shared with us slides of the work they did during their time there. It was wonderful to welcome them back and exciting to see Community in action.

The November calendar has not been completed as of this printing, but MaryKate Jordan will again be with us on the first Sunday. We invite you to be there, too. Sunday Service begins at 10 a.m.

If you wish to contact someone from the Church, you can call Bob Emmel at 528-1321, Tom O'Brien at 269-7471, or Judy Hayes at 528-1874.

—Judy Hayes, Worship Committee

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MONTEREY GRANGE

Monterey Grange No. 291 held Visiting Officers' Night at the meeting on October 5. Brother Charles Bachman, Master of Sheffield Grange No. 224, was acting Master, and there was an enjoyable variety program.

Six members attended Neighbors' Night at Stockbridge Grange No. 295 on October 14. Lecturer Mary Wallace will be delegated to the state Grange Convention at Worcester on October 27, 28, and 29.

It was Hobo Night at the meeting on October 19. Members were required to dress as hoboes and bring a hobo lunch packed in a brown paper bag or pay a forfeit. Refreshments included donuts, hobo stew, and hobo burgers. There were skits and games, and members told of their experiences with hoboes in years past. In the costume contest Tillie Butler won first prize for most original, and Betty Wilber for the funniest.

Members are asked to bring food for the fund raising food basket which will be drawn at the meeting on November 16. The next meeting will be November 2 at 8 p.m. for a Thanksgiving program.

— Fraternally,
Mary Wallace, Lecturer

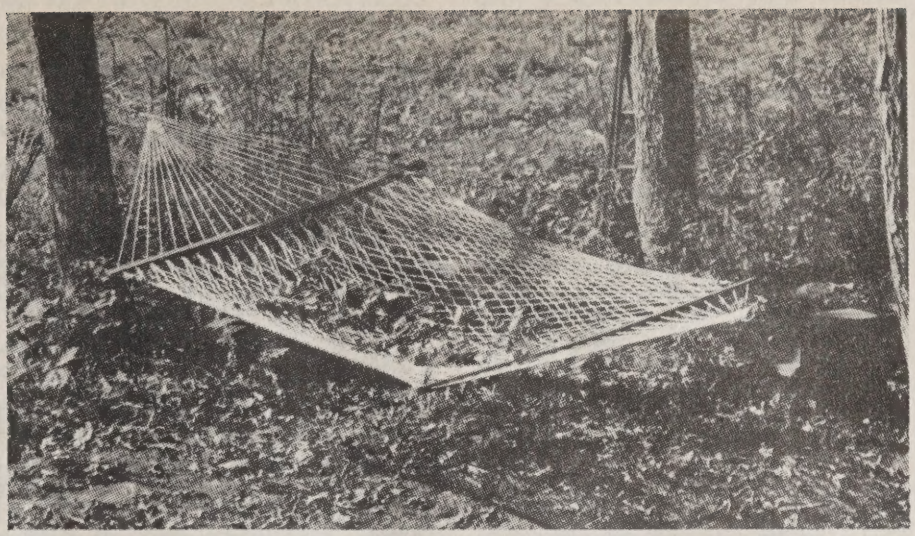
COMMUNITY DINNER

Steve Snyder will show slides and talk about his recent experience in Goma, Zaire, at the Monterey Community Dinner on Wednesday, November 9, 6:30 p.m. in the United Church of Christ Social Room, Main Road, Monterey.

Steve is the son of missionaries, and was born and grew up Rwanda. He will recount the struggle relief agencies have in getting food and services to the people, and give insight into the political repercussions Rwandans face.

Come, bring your covered dish and setups. There is no charge.

— Gige O'Connell



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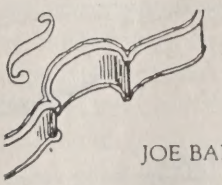

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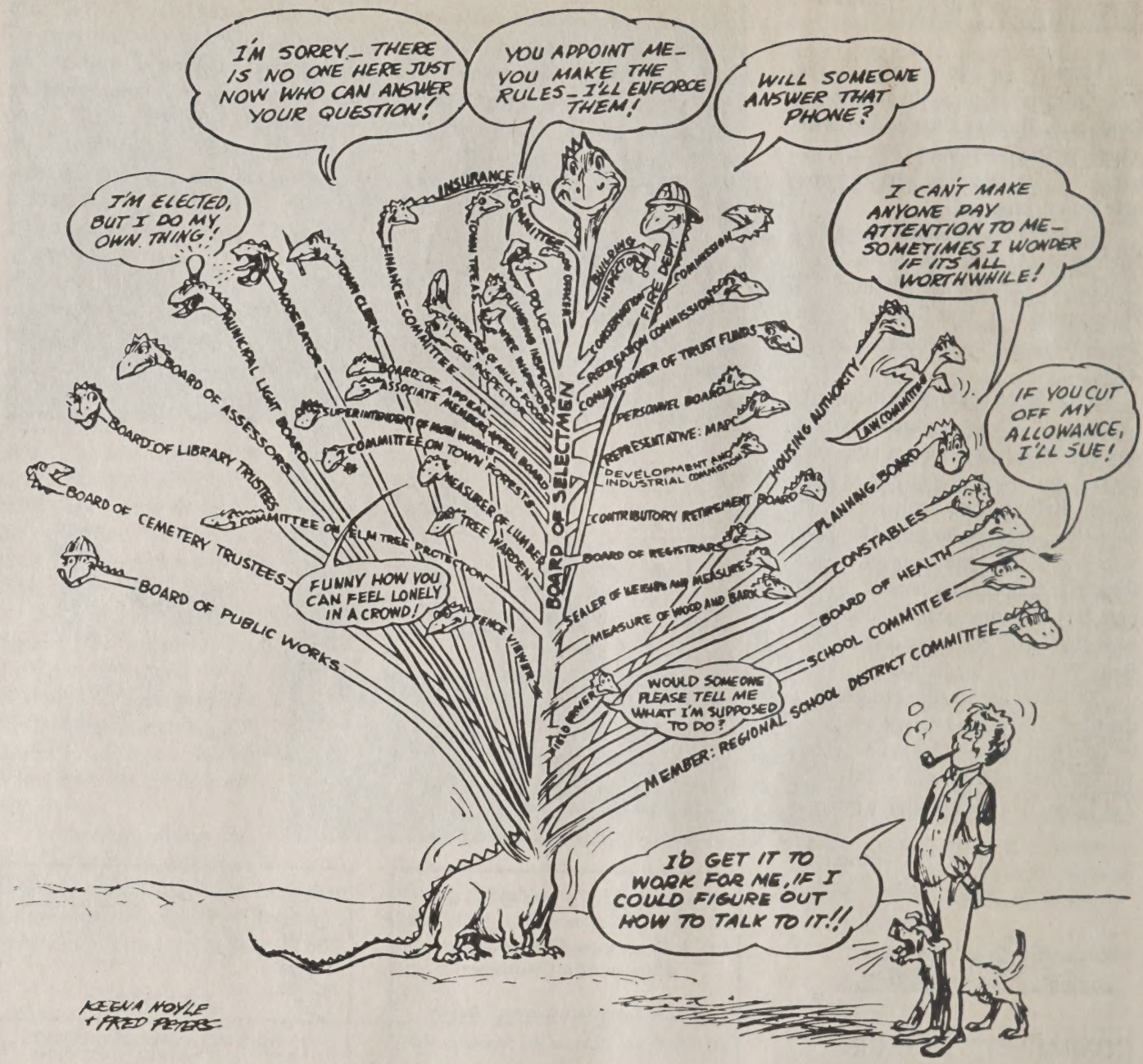
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YOU APPOINT ME - YOU MAKE THE RULES - I'LL ENFORCE THEM!
WILL SOMEONE ANSWER THAT PHONE?
I'M ELECTED, BUT I DO MY OWN THING!
I CAN'T MAKE ANYONE PAY ATTENTION TO ME - SOMETIMES I WONDER IF IT'S ALL WORTHWHILE!
IF YOU CUT OFF MY ALLOWANCE, I'LL SUE!
FUNNY HOW YOU CAN FEEL LONELY IN A CROWD!
WOULD SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO?
I'd GET IT TO WORK FOR ME, IF I COULD FIGURE OUT HOW TO TALK TO IT!!
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Drawing courtesy Massachusetts Municipal Association

DEMOCRATS STUDY SMALL TOWN MANAGEMENT

Part Two: Understanding the Selectmen's Job

Our series on town boards and committees will begin as planned, with the board of selectmen. However, the material is so abundant and complex that we will limit our report to carefully selected fragments. If these lead to more questions, our resource books will eventually be made available, either in the town offices or the Monterey Library.

We quote from the *Handbook for Selectmen,* published by the Massachusetts Municipal Association: "This book is dedicated to the gallant men and women who have dedicated much of their personal time to providing the citizens of Massachusetts with a well-managed environment."

Describing the legal structure of the select board together with the wide-ranging nature of its role in Monterey is a daunting job. There are, indeed, some fixed mandates from the state, *but there is no compilation of state laws that deal directly with the local duties of the select board.* Most selectmen function with few written rules, relying on a combination of town tradition and personal style. Their job requires a broad understanding of small town government and the social environment in which our town officials must operate. Selectmen depend on their own comprehension of their legal re-

sponsibilities and their own experience, integrity, and energy.

They must respond to continually changing issues and are encouraged to consult town counsel before acting in any major capacity.

The select board is the chief executive body in all towns, yet surprisingly it does not have authority over independently elected offices or boards. Its strength derives from boards and offices appointed by the selectmen, who are required to request and receive monthly reports from appointees. Members therefore should be evaluated in part on their ability to attract and keep qualified persons as town officials. This is far from easy since many gifted people, including selectmen, leave town service because the demands are too great, infringing on jobs and home life. Selectmen are also authorized to "act as" or to appoint officers such as the Board of Health, Police Chief, etc.

Political patronage. This problem is limited in small towns because political behavior is so visible. However, strict job descriptions for each appointed position and clearly defined minimum qualifications are helpful. Further, appointees must be open to questions and some supervision from the selectmen and report regularly to them.

Conflict of interest. Since 1962, the ethical conduct of public officials in Massachusetts has been governed by the "Conflict of Public Officials and Employees Law" (M 9L 268 A). The law is intended to ensure that private interests do not conflict with public obligation, and is purposely broad to prevent even the appearance of conflict. The *Handbook* notes that selectmen should consult town counsel before engaging in any activity which might be questionable.

Leadership. Since their authority is limited, the success of the selectmen depends a great deal on leadership, the single most important quality that enables a selectman to take the patchwork of laws and by-laws that comprise the job and turn it into an action agenda. The job depends on what a person is willing and able to make of it. It involves a commitment to teamwork as well as personal leadership. The individuals who serve will likely have different (even conflicting) philosophies, priorities, and personal ambitions. They must work cooperatively, not necessarily unanimously, toward goals for the town. Often the select board does not have the only word or even the last word on what happens in town. The selectmen can only guide the boards, committees, and officers they have appointed. Cooperation with other groups is essential. Independently elected officials and boards are responsible for the management of their own particular function and are generally accountable only to the electorate. However, the select board is expected to request and receive monthly reports from them as well.

Since most small towns divide management tasks among numerous boards, committees and individuals, no single person has overall responsibility. The interplay between elected and appointed offices and the select board constitutes a system of checks and balances.

The select board sets policy, coordinates activities of other boards, and resolves problems not settled at lower levels. It would be heartening if they could be mediators as well as overseers. According to the *Handbook*, this broad policy role often leads select boards to interfere in the details of town government, overstepping their bounds. They have enough to do without getting bogged down in matters delegated to others. We count on them to make the whole town work better.

In most small towns boards and committees proliferate, in part because of voluntarism. Often, rather than assimilating a new service into the existing structure, a new sub-unit is created to deliver that service. Thus truly interrelated services become structurally segregated. There is a clear need for all-inclusive meetings of boards, appointed committees, appointees, and selectmen to facilitate communication. At the very least, minutes of all meetings should be made available to everyone.

Open meetings. Open select board meetings allow the public to see the process and not just the result. The selectmen are required to sign a statement acknowledging that they have received a copy of Massachusetts' Open Meeting Law; the board can be sued for failure to comply with this law. Meetings are usually conducted in keeping with custom, not parliamentary procedure. Selectmen are expected to be fair and orderly, and to move the meeting right along. The chairperson is trusted to set priorities to save time; every request for action or piece of correspondence need not be discussed, and some items may be filed for consideration at members' convenience. Public and press have no right to speak during a meeting unless recognized by the chairman.

Our selectmen have a secretary who takes minutes. The Freedom of Information Act requires that minutes of all boards be recorded on paper, not only by computer, so as to be available to the public on request. Minutes serve three functions: to summarize what occurred (not to record verbatim); to record votes precisely; to assist in assembling an agenda for the next meeting. In general, results are more crucial than what led up to them, but important decisions and controversy should be recorded. There are exemptions in the law for records the selectmen are not required to make public.

The select board may meet in executive session, convened for only a few, very specific purposes pertaining to matters of reputation, discipline, collective bargaining, criminal misconduct, real property interests of the town, or in compliance with general or special law, or federal grant-in-aid requirements. The select board must convene in open session prior to holding an executive session. Both recorded votes and indecision become part of the record, and no decision may be attempted on any other town business. According to law, executive session records may remain secret "only so long as publication may defeat the lawful purpose of the executive session, but no longer."

Town Meeting. The Town Meeting is the town's legislative body, and the relationship between the selectmen and the Town Meeting has been compared to that of the President and Congress. But the comparison is not quite accurate since the selectmen have no veto power. The

Town Meeting may investigate problems through its standing or *ad hoc* committees, and adopt new policies and programs on the basis of its findings.

Town Meeting is one of the purest forms of democracy in the world, providing an opportunity for all citizens to participate in decision-making. The select board's mandated power to prepare the Town Meeting warrant dominates their executive role for the town. Selectmen insert articles into the warrant on their own initiative, by request of another committee, or by written petition signed by ten or more voters. A well-prepared warrant, like any good agenda, gives focus to the business of a Town Meeting, and does more to insure that the Meeting goes smoothly than anything else but the moderator's skill. The Town Report, which contains summaries of the year's work and specific recommendations by various boards and officers, is an important resource available to the selectmen in preparing the warrant.

Selectmen and Town Counsel. The board's relationship with town counsel must be strictly professional. A qualified counsel knows the limits of his authority, understands political realities, and can help board members see the risks of certain actions, but counsel never makes the final decision. While the board must trust their counsel's judgment, selectmen must not mistake a legal opinion for a policy directive. The counsel is not their lawyer. His primary function is to interpret the law and defend the interests of the whole town.

Connection with the State. A member of the board or an employee may be designated as a liaison between the town and the state, and maintain close contact with the local state representative and senator. The job of town clerk routinely functions this way.

State policy is influenced by direct contact, so it is important for town governments to make their views known in a constructive manner. In the interest of better communication and coordination, selectmen might meet periodically with all boards and committee chairmen to discuss issues affecting individual offices and the entire town.

I hope this report offers some useful information about our selectmen's work, and that its incompleteness may encourage us all to keep asking questions and become better informed participants in town affairs.

— Melvene Dyer-Bennet
Vice-Chair, Democratic Party

[This report draws freely from the Handbook for Selectmen *and* Managing Small Towns, *both published by the Massachusetts Municipal Association.]*

CET RECEIVES SWAP GRANT

The Center for Ecological Technology (CET) in Pittsfield has received a $126,500 grant from the Rural Development Administration of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Through its Solid Waste Assistance Program (SWAP), CET will help towns with fewer than 10,000 residents divert waste from landfills and incinerators by facilitating recycling, composting, and household hazardous waste reduction. CET will offer municipal buildings (including schools), nonprofit organizations, and small businesses a waste assessment to identify recycling and/or composting options. In addition, CET will assist farmers interested in composting organic wastes such as leaves or food scraps from off the farm.

There will be a home composting workshop conducted by CET at the Teague Senior Center, 909 South Main Street in Great Barrington, Tuesday, November 8, 7–9 p.m. Next spring, SWAP will enable CET to offer information on alternatives to and/or safe disposal of household hazardous materials such as paint and motor oil.

Call CET at 1-800-238-1221 if you want to know more about these programs.

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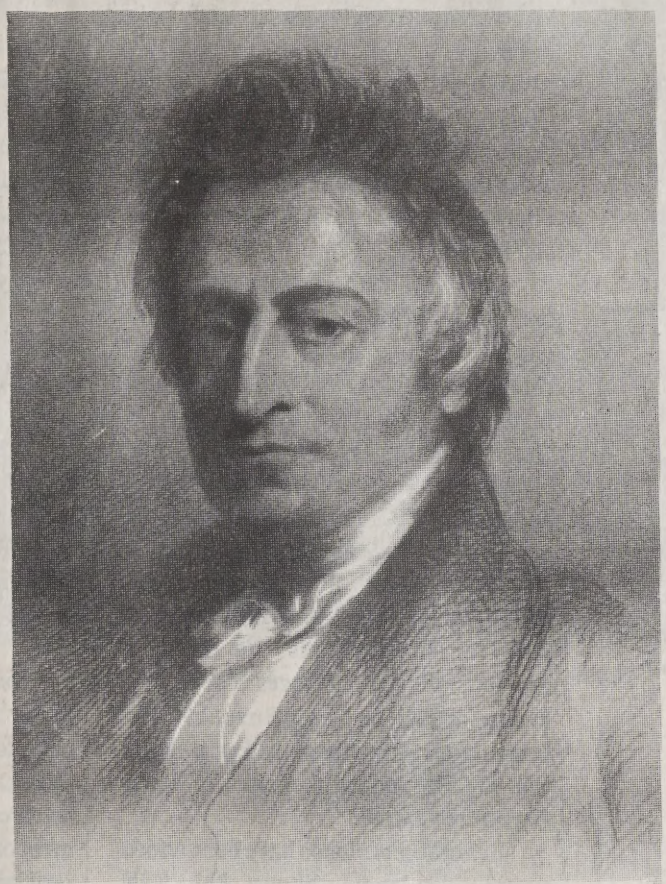
MARSHALL SPRING BIDWELL, SR.

Although much research still needs to be done on this fascinating man, I want to relate some facts about his life. The only son of Barnabas Bidwell and Mary Grey Bidwell, the young Marshall Spring must have had an unusual childhood. Born in 1799, he spent the first nine years of his life in Stockbridge. His life was somewhat privileged, as he was the son of Barnabas Bidwell, who was at various times Berkshire County Treasurer, Attorney General of Massachusetts, and a member of the U.S. House of Representatives under Jefferson. Letters in the archives of The Bidwell House from Mary to her husband Barnabas show that he was away much of the time due to his politics.

In 1808 Mary Grey Bidwell died, and in 1810 Barnabas was forced to flee the United States with his two young children after being accused of embezzling from the Berkshire County Treasury. (He was exonerated of this charge in the twentieth century.) Nothing is known of Marshall Spring's schooling in Kingston, Canada, where Barnabas and family lived after leaving the United States. He did, however, follow in his father's footsteps by studying law and then entering Canadian politics.

At the age of nineteen he married Clara Wilcox. He was admitted to the Canadian bar three years later, and by age twenty-five he was a member of the Canadian House of Parliament. He served for twelve years and was Speaker of the House twice. However, as in his father's case, politics was his downfall. His political party was implicated in the Rebellion of Canada (a sort of civil war), and he was forced in 1837 to flee Canada with his wife and two small children for New York City. What must have been his thoughts as his life so closely paralleled his father's!

Upon his arrival in New York, he joined an old, established law firm which became known as Strong & Bidwell. Today, this firm is still in existence as Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft, and is the oldest continuous law firm in the city. Bidwell remained with the firm and became one of the most prominent attorneys in New York. He died in 1872. One of his famous cases was the libel suit against the writer James Fenimore Cooper, in which he successfully defended Cooper.



This portrait of Marshall Spring Bidwell was reproduced in a bicentennial history of Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft, Attorneys at Law, New York, published in 1994. A newspaper profile of 1854 extolled Bidwell's standing among his peers: "He is the law's high priest...a man of the most extended learning at the bar...and in court he is to his brethren as good as a digest of cases or a repertoire of principles."

It is often difficult to learn of the personality of people from this era. Luckily, Bidwell is mentioned a number of times in the diaries of George Templeton Strong, a young partner in the law firm. These diaries have been published, and I quote from a number of entries:

[February 22, 1840] Went up to the Hall...to hear Bidwell's lecture before the Law Association on 'Marriage.'...The lecture was good, emphatically, as I supposed it would be, for Mr. Bidwell has all the qualities of voice, person, manner, and style essential to a first-rate speaker.

[October 25, 1872] Strange that this family, after so many years in New York, should have formed no positive friendships or alliances, especially considering poor, dear old Bidwell's warm-heartedness, geniality, and strong social instincts...I suppose poor Bidwell's Puritanical convictions led him to look on 'calls,' tea parties, and all the little two-penny machinery of 'social' life as of the nature of evil, in spite of his own natural impulses.

The Bidwell House archives owns a letter from Marshall Spring's son Blue, dated October 27, 1872, which describes in detail the death of his father. He had gone into the office as usual, where he fell dead of a stroke. After a service in New York, the body was taken by train to Stockbridge, where he is buried in the town's cemetery. He left a significant inheritance of around $30,000 to his two unmarried daughters. To his only son Blue he left a mere $2,300. George Templeton Strong's diary notes that Marshall Spring had been disappointed in Blue's marriage to his cousin Alice Cecilia Bidwell. No doubt he was disappointed that Blue had not followed in his and his own father's footsteps. Blue dropped out of Columbia University, where he was studying law, to become a pharmacist in Sheffield, Massachusetts.

Marshall Spring purchased a country house in Monterey in 1856. It stands today at the corner of Fairview and Beartown Mountain Roads.

—Lisa Simpson

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CHILDREN'S HEALTH

We extend our deepest gratitude to everyone who helped and supported our Second Annual Hands at Work Craft Show. We expect a profit of $1,500, which will be used to support our parent-child playgroup programs. Special thanks to co-chairs Wendy Jensen and Lois Ryder.

We will have a Turkey Party at the Housatonic playgroup on Monday, November 21, 9:30–11:30 a.m. at the Calvary Christian Chapel on Route 41, with Pilgrim Miriam Cervera as hostess. Come and enjoy!

Cold weather is coming, and everyone needs warm clothing. Some playgroups organize a winter clothing exchange for children. Second-hand stores in the area may have some items. In Great Barrington try This and That Shop, Community Services Consignment Shop, and Red Light-Green Light. In Lee check out Upstairs Basement.

We are thankful to volunteer Lelia Bruun, who created lovely ribbon barrettes for our CHP Store. We also have new tee shirts and necklaces. The store is located at CHP on Castle Street in Great Barrington. A purchase makes a donation to CHP and helps a child in South Berkshire County.

Several new videos have been added to our video lending library. *Baby Talk* includes the topics of bathing, diapering, breast and bottle feeding, sleeping patterns, crying and colic, etc. For the children we have three new titles: *What do you want to be when you grow up? Railroaders,* and *Mother Goose Rhymes, Songs, and Stories.*

I want to share with you a short article that caught my eye under the title "Parents Can Be Cranky, Too!"

Even the best parents have days when they're ready to give up. But instead of trying to be perfect, allow yourself to step off the pedestal once in a while. Sensitivity, warmth, and enthusiasm are all admirable, desirable qualities for parents. But parents are also human beings, and human beings are subject to fatigue, illness, and emotional stress.

While it is never acceptable to become abusive with your child, it is okay to be cranky or maybe just worn out. Parenting is a demanding job. And just like any other job, you'll have good days...and not-so-good days. So don't be hard on yourself when your child gets on your nerves. Give yourself a break. Be cranky if that's what works today. Tomorrow is another day.

[*Growing Together*, September 1994.]

Early Intervention, a CHP program, has professionals to assist children aged birth to three years who have developmental delays and disabilities. There is no direct cost to families. For an assessment or more information, please call the program director, Delinda Anderson.

— Claudette Callahan

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Help children wash their hands before eating.

Use a wet rag or mop to clean up paint chips and paint dust every day.

Use paints that have no lead.

Have your children tested for lead each year until they are six years old.

[From *Resource Mothers Handbook*, National Commission to Prevent Infant Mortality.]

WAYNE DUNLOP

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IRELAND

Death of a Witch in County Clare

Come to a phoenix funeral
an occasion to be sad
a shroud of holy ignorance
in which the bird is clad

there are winds of cold reproach
as the casket rattles by
her beak is worn and gaping
ah! but the emerald in her eye!

rain, wash the cobblestones
the old girl is dead
hungry grass and charlock
will limn her feet and head

tears, perhaps, from ancient times
no mourners here to weep
a wicked sun is waiting
to lick her from her sleep.

— A. O. Howell

CECILY

On what occasion, and why, Cecily stood in the room-high window
she could not say

Though the time she knew: quickening dusk; brightness conceding to shadow,
retiring day

And what she saw: spruce defining the edge of a darkening meadow
past windrowed hay

And what she heard: soft flutes, soft trills, softly diminishing—a choral
fading away

And then saw: moonrise behind the spruce suffusing the feathered curfew
in gold array

And heard then: nothing, not even wind's whisper, silence was so thorough—
a still display

Of beauty intense enough to kill her if she stayed in that purlieu
so did not stay

But stepped from the window desperate for the old precincts of sorrow
and the gold turned gray

— Jim Michelman

GOOD-BYE AUTUMN

When all the leaves have fallen to the ground
We bid farewell to autumn's milder days,
And look ahead to winter's cold and storm
And think of Nature's rougher, wilder ways.
Our summer birds have gone to warmer clime,
And now the blue jays scream from maples tall.
The milkweed pods have burst; their seeds have flown,
And we say, "Good-bye to another Berkshire fall."

— Eleanor Kimberley

Dear March, come in!
How glad I am!
I looked for you before.
Put down your hat—
You must have walked—
How out of breath you are!
Dear March, how are you?
And the rest?
Did you leave Nature well?
Oh, March, come right upstairs with me,
I have so much to tell!

I got your letter and the bird's;
The maples never knew
That you were coming—I declare,
How red their faces grew!

But, March, forgive me—
And all those hills
You left for me to hue;
There was no purple suitable,
You took it all with you.

Who knocks? That April!
Lock the door!
I will not be pursued!
He stayed away a year, to call
When I am occupied.
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come,
That blame is just as dear as praise
And praise as mere as blame.

— Emily Dickinson

SUSAN McALLESTER

To decode an egg encased
like winter, lay it in hay,
mother it with down, and turn it
with patience every day.

When young reeds spike the pond
a duckling will split the shell,
struggle out, and straightaway swim
for the other shore.

— Susan McAllester

The heart asks pleasure first,
And then, excuse from pain;
And then, those little anodynes
That deaden suffering;

And then to go to sleep;
And then, if it should be
The will of its inquisitor,
The privilege to die.

— Emily Dickinson

Creation locked
in ironstruck cold
is ore to smoulder
turn green, turn gold.

— Susan McAllester

The poetry on this page was read at a memorial service for Susan McAllester in Monterey last month. Susan's touch, in word and image, was a vital part of the *Monterey News* for many years.

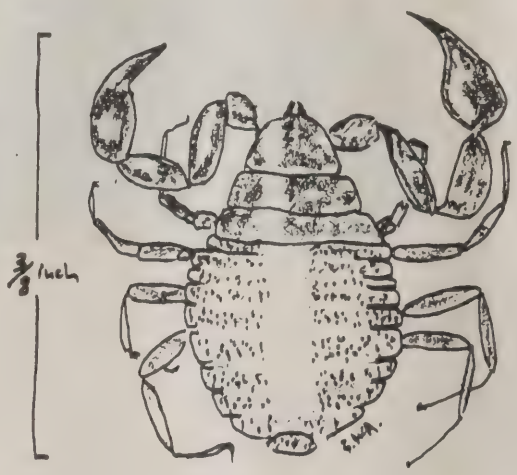
PSEUDOSCORPIONS: FLIGHT WITHOUT WINGS, HELP FOR LIBRARIANS

Recently a friend brought me a pseudoscorpion. The minute I saw the teeny creature, carefully folded up in paper and tin-foil, I knew I had seen it before in a book somewhere. You know how you can be reading along in some library book, turn the page, and have an ancient, flattened spider drop out. This was the kind of memory I had of the quarter-inch item brought to me by my friend, only this was no spider.

It lay flat, with four pairs of legs, and off the front end there was a major pair of appendages which looked like the big claws of a crab. Even without a hand lens I could see its dark-honey glow, the light glinting off graceful curves on the big pedipalps. My friend told me a tale of swatting a fly in her house and then finding she had bagged not only the fly, but also one or two of these little crab-like creatures. Had the little crab been inside the fly? Attached to it? She swatted more flies, found more little creatures. She looked closely and found the creatures were attached to the legs of the flies.

Pseudoscorpions are one of the ten living orders, or groups, of arachnids. Most people know arachnids include the spiders and daddy long-legs. Scorpions are arachnids also, as are ticks. The arachnids all share some features and characteristics, some more noticeable than others. They are one of the classes of the larger grouping or phyla of animals called arthropods. Insects are another class of arthropods, crustaceans are another. Crustaceans have jaws, mandibles for chewing and crunching up and making smaller bits to put into their mouths. The arachnids feed in a different way, having no mandibles.

Most people know that spiders have a bite which can paralyze prey insects. They can secrete digestive enzymes into the tissue of their prey so that digestion occurs partly within its body and a partly digested soup is then sucked up by the spider. Pseudoscorpions have poison glands in their big claws, or pedipalps, with a duct out to the tip of the pincers. They prey on little mites or collembola (springtails) or any arthropods significantly smaller than they are. A quick grab with the pedipalps, a squirt of paralyzing poison, and the prey is moved down to a much smaller pair of pincers called chelicerae, close to the mouth. These get busy tearing up the hapless



food item and the pseudoscorpion inserts the very tip of its head into the prey. Digestive juices are squirted, soup is eaten.

There are more than 1,500 different kinds of pseudoscorpions. They can be found under bark, under stones, in debris on the ground, and in books. One reason so few people have ever noticed them is that when they are disturbed they don't move. If we are moving bark and debris around we'll never see a little pseudoscorpion holding still. In books, they show up better.

There is a little library pest called a booklouse which eats paper and bindings in old books. There is starch in the sizing of the paper, and sometimes a delicious mold grows on old paper. Booklice will eat paper to get the starch and the mold. They can do serious damage and make big holes, even though they are less than a sixteenth of an inch long themselves. A common household species of pseudoscorpion called *Chelifer canceroides* is also known as "the librarians' friend" because it preys on booklice. I hope this entomological fact is taught in library schools so that when teeny brown crablike things fall out of books librarians will rejoice and carefully replace them in the stacks.

This business of hitchhiking on the legs of flies is a phenomenon known as phoresy and is a dispersal system. Pseudoscorpions don't move around very much on their own little legs, so they grab onto the legs of a fly and get flown great distances. My friend who brought me the pseudoscorpions came again the next day having captured a couple of flies in a jar. Each one had little brown attachments on its legs and though they did not seem injured by their passengers, these flies did look irritated. We watched one try in vain to dislodge its riders.

Male pseudoscorpions produce a spermatophore, a little package of sperm on the end of a stalk, attached to the ground or other substrate. In some species, the female is attracted to this place by chemical messages issuing from the spermatophore. She stands over the sperm package and takes it up into her reproductive orifice. In other species, the male deposits the spermatophore and then lays a series of silk signal threads. When a female comes to one of these threads, she will recognize it and follow it to the spermatophore.

Some species have developed a courtship dance after which the male grasps the female with his chelipeds and guides her to the spermatophore, positioning her over it, and in some cases the dancing and guiding occur without the male and female touching each other until the female is over the spermatophore. Then the male uses his forelegs and pedipalps to help her take it up.

Pseudoscorpions are harmless, fascinating little beings. I believe the more we get to know and appreciate such creatures the closer we will be to saving our own silly skins from the various disasters we seem to have charted for ourselves. Go to a library, become friends with the librarian's friend, learn to fly without wings.

— Bonner J. McAllester

P. MURKETT

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ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Going South Again

I worked all day, all night, and another day (no bed at all), so I would be ready when my son Tim came from Connecticut to load the U-Haul. I used to work this hard, years ago, before I went on a trip... Now, for the next three days going down south in my camper, every time I come to a rest area, I will sleep for half an hour. Age creeps on...

Early breakfast in Sheffield. The diner has all kinds of people who come in at 5 a.m. before they go to work. In the paper: "Jessica Tandy is dead!" "Who's that?" said a girl. She went on to talk about the geese in her front yard that morning. Good food, cheap.

Down Route 7 and over I-84. My camper knows the road so well, it can find its own way. Pulling a loaded U-Haul trailer, there's no lane-jumping...except when one lane is closed for ROAD REPAIRS. Approaching Newburgh, New York, two gigantic prisons standing in the early light on both sides of the highway, made of red bricks with turrets, on top of the mountain. What good is that wonderful view, when you are incarcerated?

I looked at my three dogs. Two petite Yorkies, both going to be mothers at the same time. The mother and daughter. Honey Bear, the mother, was bred to a like-male, but the daughter, Lady Sue, was caught in a corner making out with my seven-month toy poodle, Max (male...I thought he was too young!!). They were locked! I marched Max to the vet. That won't happen again. So now I'm going to have a dog nursery in Alabama!

After I cross the Hudson I know I'm on my own. No familiar people to call, no name I know. Now there's Stewart Airport...Middletown...Port Jarvis. Up to 1,752 feet. I feel for the little Dodge 318, going slower and slower as it pulls the trailer up the hills.

Pennsylvania. "BUCKLE UP/ YOUR LIFE/OUR LAW" In a rest area, the camper next to me had an SKP (camper club) decal on it. I went over and said hello. At the Thousand Trails campground in Hershey that night the same people biked by. We talked again. He was reared in Great Barrington—how about that!

I couldn't find my large plug at Thousand Trails, so I couldn't hook up to light. What's the difference? Wrote notes and paid bills and got the camper ready for night when it was still light. By flashlight over to the bathhouse for a long hot shower. Back home, lighted candles, listened to my radio and we had dinner, a hot beef stew (canned). It was good!

I started early next day. PA is full of well-kept farms on rolling hills. With the early fog in the valley, you can see a car or a tree just disappear! If someone hadn't seen fog before, he might think, There is where the world ends! Almost out of PA I see PINE STUMP ROAD. People have a fetish about stump.

There's a sign, THE MASON-DIXON LINE, when you go from PA into Maryland. A few minutes later you go over the Potomac into West Virginia. From then on you get country music or religion on the radio. There's a big white truck carrying a blue truck carrying a wrecked car—wow! There's a truck carrying a big boat, with another trailer hooked on with another big boat—wow again! There's LORD HALIFAX COLLEGE. We're in the state of colleges, Virginia. There's BAD WATER BILL'S BAR-BE-QUE. There's a herd of white calves, looks like ghosts. On a lovely green hill among the trees I see something moving...a dinosaur still living! Oh, no, it's an oil well...up and down. There's EASTERN MENNONITE UNIVERSITY. What a privilege it is to be an American, and travel to see this land!

That night in a 76 Truck Stop, I walked the dogs. They have a little chapel in a mobile home. I looked inside. It was lovely. I had a big buffet dinner inside, where every table has a phone. The counter is reserved for CERTIFIED TRUCKERS. Come now, I'm a trucker: I'm pulling furniture!

Next morning down Route 77 from I-81 to I-40. Good road. There's FANCY GAP. When I got gas, the talk was *so* Southern! On I-40 from Hickory to Asheville we went up to 2,700 feet...the Eastern Divide...the Pisgah National Forest. My camper slowed down to almost a walk. A little hot, but not *too* hot. A lot of cars were stopped with hoods up.

Through Henderson, NC, and a little bit more, for a dinner and a night with my good, good friends, the Stowells.

Next day I took off at noon. Days warm and sunny. Nights cool. I took a new road, for me: Route 11. A good two-lane road across South Carolina. Few cars, no trucks! Two gas stations all the way. Good home cooking at one. I arrived at the busy I-85 going west. I didn't want to tackle going through Atlanta at rush hour, so I stopped early at a 76 Truck Stop in Commerce, Georgia, leaving me a seven-hour trip tomorrow. A good bowl of chili inside, where I read for a bit, then early bed.

Even at 6 a.m. Atlanta was *still* awful! A pain—six lanes! Many miles later there was the sign: ALABAMA, THE BEAUTIFUL STATE. My home state (down south, that is). Just before Montgomery, I lowered my window, turned down the radio, and listened! (Every-

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body should do this once in a while.) Good thing I did. I heard a flapflap noise. Going so slowly, I pulled into a rest area and looked at my tires. Sure enough, the rubber was peeling off one tire. A big lady truck driver was eating a sandwich in the truck next to me. I went over: "Can you look at my tire?" She came over. "Better stop as soon as you can. I think there's a truck garage down the road."

By the time I found the truck garage, Alabama was letting go one of its sudden downpours! The man said, "We don't have a jack that little, that will go under your van. Ask over there," (where three black men were washing trucks). One of them found a jack in the back of his car and proceeded to put on my spare. He was lying down in a pool made by the pouring rain. When he was through, he said, "You need a jack, I have two. Take this one—here's the rod. I'm going to put them in the back of your van." I thanked him very much, paid him, and thanked him again.

I joined I-65, coming down from Nashville, and turned onto 59, which led me down south to the Gulf. The sun was shining as I approached my little house and barn. The grass was newly cut. I leaped out to see which of my plants survived the heat of summer. It didn't look so bad...needed weeding. On either side of my steps were tiny little white blossoms, and back of them were big, big yellow flowers, lots of them. I felt welcomed!

— Joan Woodard Reed

THE OBSERVER - SEPTEMBER

Last year we recorded substantially different weather conditions in Monterey for September. Our statistics for both years straddle the Pittsfield norms for temperature and rainfall: relatively, last year the month was warm and wet (61° avg. temp./5.36" rain), and this year it was chilly and dry (54°/3.07"). The air was calmer this year, too: our average of 1.4 mph compares with 11 mph recorded in September a year ago. So. Is that the way *you* remember it?

We are now equipped with a Weather Max System, which gives very accurate and detailed information, even recording the time of readings to the minute. We'll spare you those numbers, but we will routinely now record the wind-chilled low temperature for the month.

High temp. (9/17)	78°
Low temp. (9/19)	40°
Wind-chilled low temp. (9/11)	34°
Avg. high temp.	70°
Avg. low temp.	45°
Avg. temp.	54°
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	58.6°
Precip. occ.	10 days
Total precip.	3.07" rain
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	3.52"
High bar. press. (9/3)	30.39"
Low bar. press. (9/18)	29.76"
High humidity (9/13)	100%
Low humidity (9/21)	44%
Avg. wind speed	1.4 mph
High wind gust (9/30)	37 mph

WILDLIFE SNAPSHOT

It's never quite exactly wild, but there are times when human life gets so *full* there's no time left to record our observations of the wild plants and critters that go on living all around us, regardless. (Or maybe not regardless: do *they* observe and record *us*? And what do they say? To whom?) Look for our usual complete report next month, and for now, ponder what Alice Howell and Walter Andersen saw on Hupi Road October 20: "a black lizard approx. 9" long with two rows of yellow square spots down the back. The spots were about the size of M&Ms. I venture about 8/10 on either side. We cannot identify it?!? It was in the middle of the road so we coaxed it to safety. What could it be? Beautiful sight."

P. MURKETT

Large hystricomorph rodent

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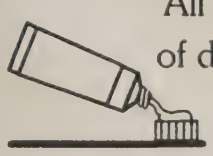

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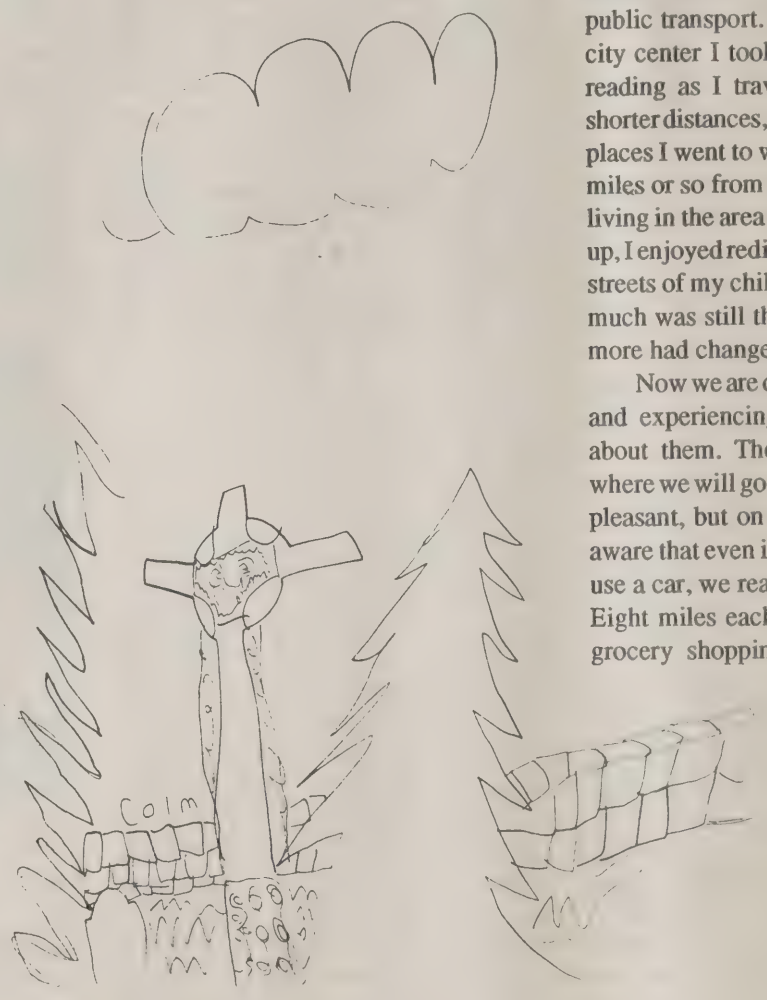
THERE AND HERE

In late August our family returned to the Berkshires after spending a year in Dublin, Ireland. It was a year of new experiences for our children, of reacquaintance with familiar places and people for me and my husband as we spent time in the surroundings where I grew up and he spent his years of graduate work. While there I grew accustomed once again to having my family close by, to laughing and talking with my brothers, sisters, and parents, and, once again, to living within a couple of miles of the sea.

What is it about the sea, I wonder, that makes those of us who grew up near salt water feel displaced when we move inland? I was never consciously aware of the smell of salt in the air all those years ago, but I noticed it all last year, and now, back inland, I certainly notice its lack. If I salt my food more, I wonder, will that compensate? Are inlanders who move to the coast troubled by the salinity of the air? Do they long for a return to the bland? Perhaps I should fill a small bottle with seawater and carry it like a Victorian lady's bottle of smelling salts, to use as a quick pick-me-up whenever I feel the need.

Our life in the Dublin suburbs could not have been more different from our rural world here in the Berkshires. We were surrounded by people. At a quick count, we figured that more people lived in our neighborhood than in our whole town here. A daunting calculation, but purely abstract, because, after all, we seldom saw most of those people. They were in their homes, or at work, or somewhere else. They were certainly not filling our suburban streets with teeming humanity. Their children were, though. Every day, all year long, the neighborhood children gathered on the dead-end streets of our suburban development playing ball, rollerskating, cycling, or just hanging out. When our younger children wanted to play, they went outside, and when they were done, they came in. No playdate arrangements needed, no ferrying from house to house in the car. I began to see why people with children move to the suburbs.

In many ways, not having a car was the major difference between our lives here and in Dublin. We left our cars in our garage in the Berkshires (where, incidentally, last winter's weather had a terminal effect on them), and got by for a year on a combination of public transport and bicycles. Since our return, I seem to spend an extraordinary amount of time behind the steering wheel driving children to school or sports practice, driving to the grocery store, driving to church, driving to visit friends or to go to the movies, or to pick up some corn for dinner. I begin to ask myself just what the ecological advantages of living in the country are.



We were unusual in our Dublin neighborhood in not having a car, and we frequently took advantage of a relative's offer of a ride to a family outing or shopping trip, but the point is that we were not seriously inconvenienced by the lack of a car. Our neighbors used their cars as supplementary transport. The children walked to school, for the most part, and those who lived too far away went by public transport. When I went in to the city center I took the bus, and enjoyed reading as I travelled in and out. For shorter distances, I used my bicycle. Most places I went to were no more than three miles or so from home, and, as we were living in the area of Dublin where I grew up, I enjoyed rediscovering the roads and streets of my childhood, and seeing how much was still the same and how much more had changed so greatly.

Now we are dependent on cars again, and experiencing very mixed feelings about them. The freedom of deciding where we will go when we want to is very pleasant, but on the other hand, we are aware that even if we would prefer not to use a car, we really have no alternative. Eight miles each way by bicycle to go grocery shopping is not a reasonable proposition. For me, the least appealing thing about having a car is the built-in guarantee they all come with. I mean, of course, the guarantee that, sooner rather than later, something will go wrong, and it will cost more to fix than you ever imagined.

I drive the roads of Berkshire County, and see all the other people driving, too, and ask myself, Is there no better way of doing this? Is public transport the answer? It would probably be impossible to provide service to the smaller towns, but would it be worth considering for a moment or two. We have bus service from Great Barrington to Pittsfield. Could it be expanded? In the end, I suppose that in every country those who choose to live in rural areas had better resign themselves to driving their lives away.

— Ann Higgins

K BAR RANCH — CHAPTER III

BRIAN FEARON

Dogs and chickens eating communally on the back porch.

So far, out of all the discomforts, inconveniences and threats to life and limb, my nemesis was the heat. Neither our trucks nor our house are air conditioned, and it was 100 degrees just about every day this summer. Brian has met every challenge (plumbing, electrical, carpentry, livestock control, guiding hunters) with characteristic energy and capability. I have been a neurotic, whining wimp. The hot weather disoriented me and slowed me down to a crawl. I'm just now getting my balance, physically and emotionally. Myra is off at the Idyllwild School of Performing Arts in Southern California. She doesn't like it much, but she's sticking it out till the end of the year. Brian and I have brought the Roswell House as close to its former splendor as our budget will allow. The Eljorita Hunting Lodge is set up to sleep and royally feed sixteen people. My brother Johnny bought two wonderful horses, an Appaloosa and a quarter horse, which, except for the two times he and his kids rode them, have been ours to enjoy. My sister Robin's landscape architect loaned us her two monumental Belgians in return for our training the younger one to drive. The filly is not three years old yet, and she's eighteen hands and close to a ton. It's comforting to have draft horses in the yard again. We procured a flock of Araucanas and a flock of Cornish chickens for eggs and further comfort. We brought Sister, our old border collie, down with us, and so far we have acquired three strays and two giveaways. One of the strays had four puppies soon after she arrived. I advertised them as being "fat as mudballs and sweet as pie," which they were, and they all went to good homes. I then got discount certificates from the Humane Society to neuter our present dog population across the board. The giveaways are Black Mouth Yellow Curs, a dog used to hunt mountain lions in the South. Even at six months, they are big, gawky, and houndy. It's neat getting to know a different breed. Sister hates them.

Deer season is almost over. Conditions have been terrible for hunting deer (relentless wind, warm weather, not much browse), but we've had a couple of big groups and a succession of day hunters. The hunters are not nearly as macho and gross as I expected. They all love the ranch and the food we serve, and some of them have become good friends. We're thinking of adding a bed and breakfast component to our services, because our quail cover is all grazed down, and there won't be much to offer quail hunters this season. Spring turkey hunts will be good, and there are lots of ducks and big bass. A local striper and bass fishing guide is going to film a bass fishing show on the ranch next year for local TV viewing. We got a serendipitous call from the station master of a local country western music station, offering to trade a few thousand dollars' worth of well-placed ads for the K Bar for the privilege of putting a camper and deer stand of his own on the ranch. We took him up on it, and we've gotten most of our business from the ads on KCKR—"Kicker 95.5."

We're working on two contracts which promise to make more benign use of the K Bar's resources than the present ravaging grazing lease. One is with a gravel contractor with whom we go country western dancing on Saturday nights at the Geneva Hall, a Polish, church-sponsored dance hall with live CW bands and many late-middle-aged rancher and farmer couples two-stepping the night away. The other is with a cattleman who works his land with mules. He, his eighty-four-year-old father, and a couple of other brothers are reputed to be the best ranchers in the county. Besides, he has offered to help us train our giant baby Belgian. So things are coming together little by little here at the K Bar. It finally rained a few times, the grass is coming back, and it's starting to get cold. We bought a wood stove and a couple of "clay backs," the old twenties-style propane space heaters, so I guess we'll stay warm. Plenty of mesquite to burn! On that note, Bye, Y'all.

— Miss Ellen (K. Pearson)

Peter S. Vallianos
Attorney at Law
528-0055

General practice includes real estate purchases, sales, family transfers, and transfers in trust, zoning, land use matters, conservation restrictions landlord-tenant; wills, probate; commercial law.

* * *

I will meet with you at your home in Monterey.

VOXED *

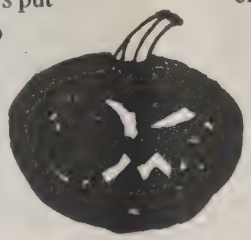
Here and Then

Stay where you are. Without going out to look, without getting in the car, or on your bike, or walking or roller-blading down the road, without talking to your spouse or neighbor, think about what the places you know best looked like when you first got to know them, whenever that was. In my case the time span is a little more than twenty years, and my list of the changes that time has brought to the landscapes I see more or less daily will be full of holes—omissions and misconceptions—even though I have cheated, since I have been out since the thought first occurred to me. But I am here, now, writing in a small room, and it is dark outside. All I can see is what erratic memory shows me.

The road I live on now was a donkey path twenty years ago (but there were no donkeys; they came first to Fred Mercer's, across from the high school, where the new solid waste transfer station is going in), an overgrown and rocky washed out remnant of the road joining Monterey and the village of New Marlborough in a straighter line than the New Marlborough Road now does, a road well-travelled and modestly populated a hundred years ago. I can think of five old cellar-holes that remained on or close to what we now call Harmon Road when I first saw it; two have since been filled in. There was and is some stonework damming a small stream near one of the old sites. Now there are nine houses including ours on the Monterey end of Harmon Road, and another near the very top of the hill on the New Marlborough side. Most of the way is broad and smooth, if not paved. The neighborhood is a veritable housing development compared to the much longer New Marlborough Road, where I can think of only two houses that are altogether new in the last twenty years. What were fields remain open to the sky, and the road is still a rare and precious tunnel through overarching trees.

We were early arrivals (1978) among the new wave of settlers, and lived here five years with no electricity at all; then came Mass Electric, our own little water generator, and, most recently, Fred and Chandler Chapman's wind generator and solar array. But these were still second generation wires on Dry Hill, counting the phone line run through in the nineteen-twenties; you can still find cross-trees, galvanized braces, and glass insulators in the woods.

Come off the hill and cross a bridge rebuilt ten years ago. During construction the detour used Wallace Hall Road, and in their eagerness to please and protect, the resident bridge builders put up signs warning drivers to "go slow" and even "slower still" negotiating that narrow road; one of those signs is still nailed to a tree. A few of the once controversial but well-fastened wooden bridge planks have gotten a little punky, and some rust has blistered paint on the steel beams, but the stone abutments sit right where they were laid. The planks of the original bridge were loose, and the rattle they made under wheels could be heard a mile or so away on still nights or mornings, a local traffic report on the airwaves. Now we hear drumming and coyotes, both new in my time.



Rawson Brook Farm (more polished every year, a modern farm with a low profile settling into the landscape for life) was all woods; a small drive poked under the trees to a little cottage across the brook that would have seemed deep in the wilderness to anyone younger than seven years old.

Lowland Farm had no pole barns, workshop, or sugar house, no house above the old schoolroom. It had cows, and you could dip your enameled pail in the tank unless the milk truck got there ahead of you. There was no big screened porch on the back side of the farmhouse, and there were no solar collectors for domestic hot water on the roof above the kitchen. That was where the pavement ended and the dirt road began. This year pavement crossed the bridge, maybe a quarter mile more of blacktop, total, in the twenty year period.

Where the Schulzes now live there was an eighteenth century house once in the Hall family, painted red. It burned beyond repair. Bouncing on down the present New Marlborough Road across the stream near Burke's house is about where you might have encountered a wider, straighter, faster version of Route 23, but won't. The auto repair had a pit for changing oil, no lift, and there were several tall spruce trees behind it like the one that remains on the corner today; it was a shady-grove setting year-round. The Fire Company operated out of the little building opposite, carved into the hill. There was no stucco house with chimneys and grape arbor on top of the hill. Brookbend served dinners, and had a sizable barn where residents now park, as well as a row of tall cottonwood (?) trees perpendicular to the road. There was no addition off the east end of the library. Dinner was also served, for a time, at the General Store, and for a much longer period at Sun-Inside Inn. Giant, furrowed locust trees lined the road in front of the now firehouse, and the house east of it sat higher on the hill and closer to the road. There are four new houses on Route 23 before Heath's, the building now a house by the Amsteads' drive was a package store, then a bookstore; no berm hid the Tudor house then called Greywold below the road, nor were there two drives across from the berm, just one; it led to a nursing home. There was no horse corral or barn on the north side by the curve, and the house was smaller. The flats were the flats, but the planted trees are recent. Roadside was not always part of Gould Farm, and hunkered under more tall pines than remain today.

Well stop. It's a pointless exercise—irregular, unscientific information, often boring. Dangerous; others may be set off, producing a chain reaction of people clucking and one-upping about what once was (and when) like turkeys in the woods. Of course, there were no turkeys in the woods back then.

— Peter Murkett

***voxed** (väkst) *past of* VOX, to give voice to, in writing, regardless. As a modifier, the participle refers to the writer ("he woke up voxed, and wrote"); its object is the reader ("she voxed her readers senseless").

P. O. BOX NINE, 01245

Got A Minute?

October 20, 1994

To the Editor:

The New Marlborough/Monterey PTA is looking for the minutes of its meetings prior to 1959. Most likely, it is a single-volume journal-style book. It would cover the time of the PTA's first meeting in the 1930s to 1958. If anyone knows the fate of this book, please contact Deborah Mielke, Secretary, New Marlborough/Monterey PTA, at 528-1871. Thank you.

— Deborah Mielke

CONTRIBUTORS

Year round, people send us their letters, drawings, observations, personal news, stories, poems, comments, photos—and money. Our thanks to all for everything, and in particular, for your recent financial support, thanks to

Frances Phoenix
Pearl A. Gunther
William & Susan Crofut ("We enjoy every issue of the *Monterey News*.")
Jean Harris Woodman
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LOST CAT

A very affectionate young male cat, white and strawberry blond, showed up at Gould Farm about two weeks ago. Know him? Call Kim Hines at 528-6605 or 528-1804 if he lost his way back to your house.

Snow Plowing

Call Richard Sheridan
528-5559

PERSONAL NOTES

Our new Miss America has Monterey ties! Heather Whitestone, aka Miss Alabama, now the new Miss America, is a relative of **Betsey Whitestone Camp** of Lake Garfield and Peter Whitestone of Dalton. Our hearty congratulations to all of you proud folk! Betsey informs me that Heather has been deaf since she was eighteen months old due to a reaction from an injection. A true survivor, she earned a 3.6 average in high school and is now enrolled in college in Alabama. For the talent portion of the Miss America competition, Heather danced flawlessly, counting the beats and memorizing the steps. Heather shows exemplary spirit and believes we all should challenge ourselves to reach our full potential, certainly not just the handicapped. Our applause for Heather!

Bob and **Eileen Schlichter**, and all of us, wish to welcome the **Haltenbecks**, **Bernie** and **Bobbi** and **Heather**, 12, and **Stephen**, 10, who have purchased a second home on Elephant Rock Road. They are Californians, transferred to the New York area by Bernie's company a year ago. They were welcomed by the "worst winter of the century" (according to the media!), but their love of the area, especially Lake Garfield, makes up for that. The Schlichters are delighted to have them as special friends and neighbors. We also wish the Schlichters a great winter in Florida as they prepare to leave, having spent yet another wonderful summer here in Monterey — their thirty-ninth!

Our congratulations to **Bob Carlson** and **Franny Huberman** of Gould Farm, whose first child, a son, was born on September 30. **Jonah Huberman Carlson** was born at Fairview Hospital, weighing in at a healthy 8 lbs. 15.3 oz.

Congratulations also to **David** and **Veronika Markwood** of Gould Farm, whose son, **Noah Samuel Markwood**, was born on October 4 at home. Noah weighed 7 lbs. 11 oz., and joins his big brother, "almost-four" Jacob, at home.

Our very best wishes to **Kathleen "Katy" Bradley** and **Noureddine Ould-Sfiya**, who were married on October 22 at Cranwell Resort in Lenox. Katy, the daughter of Maureen Haugh of Blue Hill Road and the late Thomas Bradley, graduated from Salve Regina University in 1990 and is presently catering manager for Rebecca's Cafe in Boston. Noureddine is manager for Choices, a division of Au Bon Pain, Inc., in Boston. He graduated from Northeast Technical School in Boston and attended the University of Mohammed V in Morocco. Again, best wishes to both of you!

Ten Monterey students have eagerly entered the Monterey Kindergarten. Rebecca Childs, Raymond Duryea, Annabel Edelman, Nicholas Heller, Fiona Lacey, Nichole Lampro, Dinah Mielke, Rebecca Sawers, Emily Shaw, and Ana Rosenberg are among the happy faces one occasionally spots romping on the schoolhouse grounds. We wish all of them, as well as teacher Susan Andersen and aide Julie Kelley, a simply outstanding school year.

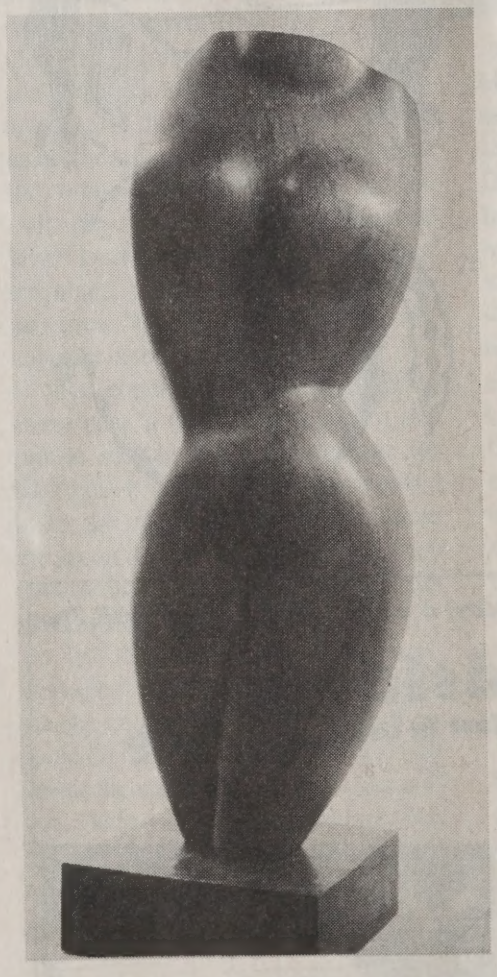
All of the kindergarteners extend a special thanks to Anna and Dale Duryea for making them a terrific batch of apple cider with apples from Julie Kelley's orchard. Dale also presented a lesson on mammals indigenous to this area and shared some of his enormous taxidermy collection. Thanks to both the Duryea and Kelley families from some delighted little fans.

We received word from "two happy Capers," **Marge** and **Gerry McMahon**, that they have recently moved into a wonderful garden apartment in Orleans and want to share their exciting news with their Monterey friends. Their new address is 9 Main Street, Apt. 5P, Orleans, MA 02653. Great to hear good news from you two!

Also, **Sally Fijux** has moved to Kimball Farms, 235 Walker Street, Lenox, MA 01240, for the winter months. Her telephone number there is 413-637-2182. Sally, thankfully, will be returning to Monterey for the summer months, as usual.

Our best wishes to **Bob Gauthier** of Main Road, who is recovering nicely from his recent surgery at Berkshire Medical Center in Pittsfield. We are so happy to hear that all is well, Bob, and that you are back home in Monterey!

And from the homefront: Best of luck to **Michelle Grotz**, who has enrolled at Columbia University in the pre-med post-baccalaureate program tackling two of her old favorites this fall: physics and chemistry! And good luck also to **Natasha Grotz**, who has returned to Dartmouth, where she is a biology major, for her senior year. Tasha spent an exciting June and July working in the cell pathology lab at the University of Dusseldorf in Germany and the month of August doing wolf research in the mountains of Montana. Her favorite, of course, was a couple of weeks spent right here in Monterey!



JEREMIAH W. RUSSELL

This photo appeared in a recent issue of the Eagle's Berkshire Week. *Fred Lancome carved the life-sized figure, entitled "Woman," of Honduras mahogany. It is among many wonderful bronzes and wood carvings by Fred that one can look forward to viewing at his Sun-Inside Sculpture Gallery during the summer.*

Fred and **Lucie Lancome** enjoyed a trip to Marblehead recently to celebrate son **Claude**'s fiftieth birthday. Claude's wife Marcie rented a boat and a "terrribly delightful" celebration was held by the 100 or so people aboard. Everyone managed to keep all plans secret, and Claude was truly surprised by the entire event. Wonderful! Our birthday wishes to Claude on October 21.

I'm playing catchup here—sorry for so many belated greetings. They are heartfelt nonetheless.

Very, very happy birthday wishes to **Arianna Aerie** on Sept. 6, to **Jan Aerie** on Sept. 28, to **Rita Gottlieb** on Oct. 1, to **Jim Gauthier** and **Mabel Sheridan** on Oct. 2, to **Giuliana Raab** on Oct. 4, to **Oriana Raab** on Oct. 6, to **Tom Thorn** on Oct. 9, to **Karen Shreefter** on Oct. 11, to **Dave Quisenberry** on Oct. 12, to **Jill Amstead** on Oct. 19, to **Ian Rodgers** on Oct. 22, to **Claire Mielke** on Oct. 24, to **Elizabeth Orenstein** on Oct. 26, to **Debbie Mielke** on Oct. 27, and to **Scott Duhon** on Oct. 28. Also, to **Patrick McBride** on Nov. 1, to **Sudi Baker** on Nov. 2, to **Graham** and **Madigan Hines** on Nov. 3, to **Jacob Markwood** and **Mario Westenberg** on Nov. 4, to **Edith Wilson** on Nov. 10, to **Andi Dunlop** on Nov. 11, to **Mariah Rutherford-Olds** on Nov. 12, to **Jenny Brown**, **Gale Forbes**, **Kirsten Quisenberry** and **Florence Brown**, all on Nov. 25, to **Kerry Snyder** on Nov. 26, and to **Nicole Amidon** on Nov. 28.

A special birthday greeting to **Marion Schneider**, who celebrated her ninety-fifth on Oct. 9 at the Berkshire Retirement Home.

And a special anniversary greeting to **Donald** and **Naomi Kickery**, who celebrated their fiftieth on Sept. 23 with their two children, Donald Jr. and Susan, and two grandchildren.

I apologize to any of you who expected to see your news items in last month's issue. I had to be out of town and was unable to get the notes together. I do appreciate your contributions! Please jot down news items, birthdays, etc., and drop them in the mail to me, just Rte. 23, or give me a call at 528-4519. Thanks so much!

— Stephanie Grotz

PATRICIA W. HOWARD

Mrs. Patricia Howard, 78, of 24 Silver Street, Great Barrington, died September 16 at home.

Born September 3, 1916, in West Orange, New Jersey, the daughter of Henry and Edith Burke Wilkinson, she was a graduate of Milton Academy in Massachusetts and a 1938 graduate of Vassar College. She also studied at the University of Munich.

Beginning in 1939 and continuing after World War II, Mrs. Howard taught in Germany and France for thirteen years, most notably at Cevenal College in Le Chambon Sur Lignon, France. Upon returning to the U.S., she was a secretary at Pendle Hill Quaker Center in Wallingford, Pennsylvania.

She was a resident of New Jersey for a long time, and moved to Monterey in 1970, then Great Barrington in 1974.

Patricia Howard was an early editor of the *Monterey News*, taking over from Marie Seifert, the paper's first editor, in January, 1971, and continuing to May of 1980. She wrote poetry as well, which was collected in the book *A Single Candle*, published in 1980 by Golden Quill Press.

Her husband, John Hayes Howard, whom she married in 1963, died in 1969.

She leaves a stepson, John H. Howard, Jr., of Cambridge; a stepdaughter, Ms. Kim Burns of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; a brother, Burke Wilkinson of Washington, D.C., and four stepgrandchildren.

A memorial service was conducted September 21 at Hickey-Birches Funeral Home by the Rev. James S. Chase of Mount Washington. Burial will be at a later date.

Memorial donations may be made to Milton Academy.

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CALENDAR

Sundays, November 6, 13, 20, and 27 AA meetings, 9 a.m. in the Monterey Firehouse, Main Road.

Wednesday, November 2 Meeting of the Monterey Grange No. 291, 8 p.m. at the Grange Hall. Thanksgiving program.

Monday, November 7 Flu vaccination clinic, downstairs at the town offices, Main Road, 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

Wednesday, November 9 Community Dinner, from 6:30 p.m. in the church basement, slide program by Steve Snyder on his recent stay in Zaire helping refugees from Rwanda.

Wednesday, November 9 and Thursday, November 10 CPR classes at the firehouse, 7-9:30 p.m. Pre-registration required. Call 528-4115 for information.

Tuesday, November 15 Free blood pressure clinic, 9–10:30 a.m. in the basement room of the Monterey Grange (town offices), Main Road.

Wednesday, November 16

Meeting of the Southern Berkshire Solid Waste District, 7 p.m. in the church basement.

Meeting of Monterey Grange No. 291, 8 p.m. at the Grange Hall, Main Road.

Saturday, November 26 Square and contradance at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, 8:30–11:30 p.m. Music by Mountain Laurel, calling by Joe Baker. All dances taught, beginners and children welcome. Refreshments. Adults $5, children $2. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

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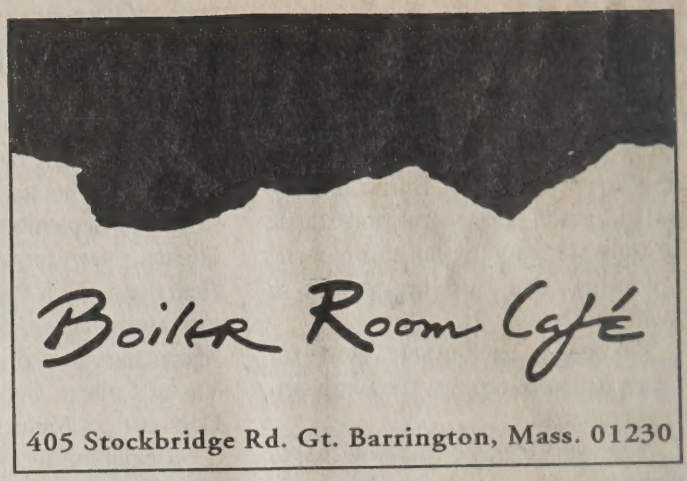

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We invite readers to submit news items, opinions, stories, poetry, drawings and photographs. Editorial material must reach the editor by the 15th of the month before publication. For detailed information, call the editor at 528-3454.

For changes of address, or information regarding subscription to the *Monterey News*, call our Business Manager, Susan LePrevost, at 528-4595 not later than 8 p.m.

For complete information about advertising in the *News*, contact the Editor at 528-3454.

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Contributions from local artists this month: Cora Baker, p. 5; Maureen Banner, pp. 2, 12; Erika Crofut, pp. 5, 21; Colm Higgins, p. 18; Bonner McAllester, pp. 13, 14; Pete Murkett, p. 20.

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